ALMA RECORD.

C. F. BROWN, Editor and Publisher.

ALMA. : : MICH.

The American people will be greatly surprised to learn that the late Chief Justice Waite, died a poor man. He left a house in Washington free from incumbrance, and a life insurance of $5,000, but his family are left without any current funds, and without an income. The insurance policy is, of course, good, but under the conditions of the policy it is not payable for 90 days. The few intimate friends of the late chief justice who have heard of this are considering whether it will be expedient to present the subject to congress or to the bar of the United States and endeavor to raise a fund which will support the widow. The chief justice was more than 72 years of age. He could have retired almost two and half years ago upon full pay, and the government would then have been obliged to have appropriated the salary of his successor. For the two and one-half years this would have amounted in round numbers to $25,600.

Miss Isabelle Blanch Singer, daughter of the man who made $13,000,000 out of his sewing machines, is to be married April 25 to the Duke de Cazes of Paris, and she has written to the executor of her father's estate in New York for $60,000 to defray the necessary expenses connected with the wedding. Miss Singer says she "will need the money to pay for her trosseau, jewelry, the furniture, horses and carriages, expenses of the wedding trip, and incidental expenses connected with the wedding." Here is an American girl who is marrying royalty with her eyes open, for she is to pay all the bills, even to the marriage contract and government tax, which in Paris, will be about $6,000.

Old Mother Hubbard, or somebody else, recently went to a cupboard in the royal palace at Madrid and found the future king of Spain. Little Alphonso had been left in charge of his sisters, who deserted him after a time. The royal baby thereupon crawled into a cupboard, the door of which was [illegible] by some one who did not know that the child was inside. Nurses, grooms, [illegible], soldiers, relatives, [illegible] potentates and front-hall flunkies, grandees, dons, and doorkeepers searched the palace for His Majesty. At last he was found, and the throbbing nerves of a great people were stilled by a sensation of joy.

When informed of the passage of the bill granting her a pension of $2,000 per annum, Mrs. Frank P. Blair said: "I am much gratified at the news and am grateful to every one who did anything to assist in the passage of this bill. It gives me pleasure to have the memory of my husband kept green, as it is shown to be, in the memory of his countrymen. When he died his estate, which had once been valuable, was estimated at $500, he having spent his private means to equip his regiment. I appreciate the sentiment which prompted our friends to work so nobly for this bill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is reported as saying at the woman's international conference at Washington, that "if the wrongs of our sex are not righted, women will join hands with laboring men, with socialists, and with anarchists, and the scenes of the French revolution will be repeated within this fair land of ours." It is unfortunate for the cause of which she is an acknowledged leader that she should have given utterance to such a sentiment. Such talk will not advance the cause among thinking people.

Mrs. Harriet R. Shattuck, who presided over the woman's convention at Washington, lives in a charming nook on the edge of Middlesex Falls, the great forest park north of Boston. The balcony of her house overhangs a picturesque little pond, and big rocks are piled high in the background. Mrs. Shattuck goes into Boston to her class in political economy, her afternoon at the New England women's club, or some charitable work in which she is interested.

It is announced that David Jennings, of Lyons, Wayne county, New York, after applying himself for twenty-one years and spending $30,000 has discovered perpetual motion. Coming on the heels of the rather startling disclosure that the world is coming to a perpetual stand-still in 1900, the news of Jennings' success is, to say the least, very aggravating.

The Italians showed their courtesy to Queen Victoria at Florence. Among the bouquets which have been presented her was one from the Horticultural society of Tuscany, composed exclusively of flowers growing in the open air in the various parts of the queen's dominions, the Himalayas, the plains of India, Burmah, the Cape and Australasia.

Mrs. Grant, who is now in Florida, is writing reminiscences of her husband's life, but whether an admiring public will ever be permitted to read them is uncertain, as she has not decided to publish them. She does not lack opportunity, as several publishers are bidders for the manuscript.

There are some indications that the Baptists of Canada will soon come out against the exemption of churches from taxation. Prominent members of the denomination have recently condemned the principle of tax exemption, and "The Canadian Baptist" takes the same view of the question.

THE FIRTH OF FORTH BRIDGE.

A Gigantic Engineering Work—Two Spans of Over Seventeen Hundred Feet Each.

The construction of the Forth bridge has reached a stage at which it is possible to estimate with some degree of accuracy when the gigantic engineering work will be completed, and the time given by the resident engineer is toward the end of next year. Describing the progress of the work, *The Scotsman* says that the huge "straddle-legged" structures which are reared upon three large piers were practically completed before the end of the year. These rise to the great height of three hundred feet above high water mark, and form the *points d'appui* structural basis from which the "cantalevers" are being built out on either side. The term cantlevers is applied to the wing-shaped structures which shoot out from the large pier-towers and reach toward one another across the great spaces that have to be spanned. The building of these cantalevers has at present reached a most interesting stage. From the summit of the towering pier structure arms are being stretched out on each side into mid-air. These are each composed of two pairs of huge booms, constructed on the gider or lattice work principle, and project sheer above the waters, which are full three hundred feet below. There is not the slightest under support: the whole fabric relies upon the strength of the ties which bind it to the top of the cantalever towers. Incredible as it may appear, these top members have built out the to the distance of 125 feet, and seem just now to hang in a precarious position like the ash upon a half smoked cigar. It is in this part of their work that the designers and contracters claim that they have vindicated the soundness of their calculations. It was in the springing of these top members or arms, and carrying them out un-supported the necessary distance, that cavillers and detractors of the scheme have chiefly prophesied failure. Yet from both the Queensberry and Fife pier-structures these serial platforms have been built out, two from each, without a hitch, to the distance of 125 feet. They now await the rearing of a temporary column which is running up from below, and which will form a support, enabling them to be carried still further out till they meet the first permanent supports—the cross struts or tubes which spring from the bases of the pier-towers, the lower arms, meantime, have been proceeding even more rapidly. These are immense tubes which protude outward and upward, and along with the pressure exerted by the weight of the spans is carried back to the stone piers. They have been carried out to the distance of fully 160 feet. It may be explained here that the top arms, which are constructed on the girder system, are the tension members—that is to say, are subjected to a pull by the weight of the structure which they support, while the lower arms, which are of tubular construction, are the compression members, and bear the down push, as it were. These lower tubes have been built out in exactly the same way as the upper ones—that is, without any support from underneath. The workers to-day are practically standing upon their labors of yesterday. As soon as a fresh round of steel plates is added to the tubes or an aditional girder section riveted to the top arms, the platforms, with their freight of men, cranes, and other mechanical appliances are slid out correspondently, and a new piece of work is begun, which again when completed, will give the necessary standing support for a further extension. Indeed, this is characteristic of the whole of the work at the bridge. Every piece of work done becomes the basis of another advance.

The point, however, of this great work of of engineering which is of preeminent interest, and about which speculation and prophecy are most busied, is the problem of bridging over the two great spans of 1,710 feet each, which extended north and south of Inch Garvie. The largest Tay bridge spans are just 245 feet, so that the proposed spans at Queensberry will be seven times as long. The largest span of any bridge in this country is that of the Britanna bridge, over the Menia strait, which is 460 feet in length, or somewhat over a quarter of the size of the Forth bridge spans. to throw a single span across such a space as 1,710 feet would, even under ordinary conditions, be a tremendous undertaking. But in the present case the difficulties are incalculably enhanced, because the whole distance has to be bridged over without any support from below. The water is two hundred feet deep on each side of Inch Garvie, so that it is impossible to found temporaty scaffolding or piers upon the sea bottom, nor can any device of pontoons be of practicable service. The problem, then, comes simply this—to join the Inch Garvie pier with the north and south piers (each 1,710 feet apart) by simply building straight out across the waters at a height sufficient to allow the largest ships to pass freely up and down the Firth. It is this that explains why the immense "straddle-legged" towers which are the prominent features of the structure just now, have been reared as high as 360 feet. These great spans will never be entire—that is, the two halves will never be joined. Each half of each great span will hang entirely by its own supports on the main piers. Owing to the large expansion and contraction of so immense a structure of steel under the charges of temperature, it would endanger the fabric were it actually joined. At a certain point in the central viaduct (as the 150 feet high grider structure along which the train passes is called) the plates will overlap each other, so that the shrinkage caused by the cold may not make a gap, nor the expansion in the hot weather cause "buckling." The extreme variation in the length of 1,710 feet spans under alterations of temperature may not exceed nine inches, but provisions is made for eighteen inches. The weight of one of the spans will be about 16,000 tons. The heaviest possible addition from trains—if we take the extreme case of two coal trains standing side by side in the middle of the span, and weighing four hundred tons—would be only 5 per cent of dead weight. In this way it is estimated that under a passing train the bridge will stand as stiff and firm as if the train were not there. Wind is much more serious calculation than the trains as with the maximum pressure (fifty-six pounds per square foot) the large spans be subject to an additional side pressure of two thousand tons. The widest margin, however, has been left in all cases.

Thought It Was a Cyclone.

In the office of a prominent lumberman at La Crosse, the clerks have arranged one of these perforated chair seats so that a hose runs to the bottom of it from the steam radiator, and by turning a thumb screw, live steam is sent under the chair with such force and noise as to frighten a man out of his boots. The boys take great delight in getting friends to take a seat in the chair, and when the steam is turned on they burst a bag behind the victim, or tip over a scuttle of coal, and he thinks the house is coming down. One day last week they frightened a livery man till he almost fainted away, and then they telephoned for the cheif of police. He went to the office thinking there had been a robbery, or that they had a clew to the Tascott murderer. When he came they sat him in the perforated chair and while one proceeded to make a short story long, the other turned on the steam and dropped a tin pail of broken glass. The chief thought it was a cyclone, and with one hand on his pants, he got down on his knees and was about to offer up a prayer, when he caught sight of the fellow turning off the steam, and he chased him down stairs and half way to North La Crosse. There was a lady selling books around town, and the boys decided to frighten her if she showed up. She came to the office one morning to canvass for the book, and sat down in the chair, and was just pointing out some of the illustrations to the proprietor of the office, when the steam was turned on and the paper bag was exploded. The steam struck the bottom of the chair and fairly howled, and they expected the girl would go clear to the ceiling at least and yell nine kinds of murder, instead of doing this she turned to the radiator, took hold of the thumb screw and said, "Permit me turn off this steam. It is very unhealthy to have steam in a room like this," and she turned it off and continued. "As I was saying, before this young man turned the hose on me, this book is one that no family should be without." Every last man in the office subscribed for her book, and when she went out they noticed that she wore an oilcloth over her bustle. She was onto their scheme.—*Peck's Sun.*

Origin of Mince Pie.

A writer in the *Wide Awake* says that it is to the Saxons that we are indebted as the originators of mince pie. Before their conversion to Christianity they were accustomed to make a kind of stew or porridge, consisting of a mixture of everything held sacred to their gods, as the flesh of birds, animals grains and dried herbs which had been gathered at the full of the moon. Among these latter were rosemary, penny royal, mint sage, and moley—the latter a kind of wild garlic. This was partaken of at the sun festival, or winter solstice feast in honor of Woden. This porridge was retained as a Christmas dish when the solstice feast was celebrated on the birthday of our Lord and called Christ's Mass.

Long after this mixture was baked in a crust and jocularly called Woden Pie whence doubtless came the similar Warden Pie of the North of England harvest festival.

With some improvements in the way of fruits and flavors before unknown the Woden pie came to be, in the Middle Ages, the great Christmas pie celebrated in English song and story, some of which have come down to us in the form of nursery rhymes and ballads. The Saxon kings and nobles always had a pie upon their Christmas tables, sometimes so large as to fill the width of the board. They were often used as a means of presenting gifts, money or jewles being hidden in them—or for affording an agreeable or amusing surprise: as when once, on the crust being lifted, a beautiful little child sprang out and began to sing. It is quite possible that the song of the "Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie," which has come down to us from time immemorial, may be in reality founded upon fact.

When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a pretty dish to set before the King?

Gabriel's Horn.

As illustrating the need of intelligent church services in the South, I record the following facts, which were related to me by those who knew of them personally: A colored preacher of the "old-time" sort preached on the Judgment Day. He arranged with a worthless fellow to hide himself in the woods just outside the church with a dinner horn, with instructions to blow upon it at a certain signal. At the awful hour of midnight, when, by entreaty and appeal and frightful figures of speech, the preacher had worked the people into a frenzy of excitement and terror, he exclaimed; "Listen, I reckon I hear Gabriel getting ready to blow now. De last day am upon us, de judgment am right here; whar you sinners now? Listen." Just then there came a fearful blast upon the stillness of the midnight air, and the scene that followed can be imagined. Helter-skelter over the benches and over each other the terrified people scrambled for the mourners bench. The preacher boastfully told afterward that "dar want scarcely one sinner but what wah affected."—*American Missionary.*

Kentucky school teacher (to infant class)—"Yes, dear children, the camel can go seven days without water." Class (in chorus)—"Is that all?"—*New York Sun.*

Free Thirty-three Years.

A crime committed thirty-three years ago has just been revived by the arrest of the principal in the affair, who for more than twenty years has been an unsuspected but thriftless Ross county farmer. There is a good deal of romance in the story.

In 1855, when the canal was still a novelty in the state, Richard Cassiboon captain of the "Helen R." on the Muskingum division, one day quarrelled with his wife, and was about to strike her when a man named William Hyde interfered. In the quarrel which followed Hyde was killed.

Cassiboon was promptly arrested, and if he had at once been tried would scarcely have escaped hanging. But the trail was deferred, and the prisoner was at last sentenced to six years hard labor in the penitentiary.

Between the time of his conviction and the day set for his removal to Columbus, Cassiboon escaped from the Muskingum county jail. Four other prisoners who walked out at the same time were speedily apprehended, but Cassiboon evaded all efforts not only of the officers; but of a brother of his victim, who has never ceased to search for the fugitive.

Cassiboon set out for the hills, and made his way, after several days, to Hamden, in Vinton county, where he obtained employment in a small coal bank. After a time he grew suspicious of his fellows, quit Hamden and went to work at McArthur.

Again he grew apprehensive and again he set out across the hills, finally settling in the scarcely explored back lands of Ross county.

When the civil war began he enlisted in the Eighteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry and for three years battled for the Union. Near the close of the war he was wounded and he has since drawn a pension of twenty-four dollars a month.

One afternoon last week two gentlemen of official bearing arrived in Chillicothe and made inquiry for Isaac Brown. One of them was Russ Bethel, sheriff of Muskingum, the other Chief of Police Weaver of Zanesville.

Regarding the man about whom they made inquiry, they only knew that sometimes he got his mail at Waller post-office. They drove to Massieville, where they were directed to the hills back of Franklin. And there, in a country known as Snake Hollow—as repulsive a spot as ever the sun shone on—they found their man.

Isaac Brown's home was a hovel on the hillside, and his farm, a 100-acre tract, so unpromising that it is still vested in the government, no one ever having cared to lay claim to it. And there Isaac Brown, the soldier, but in reality Dick Cassiboon, the murderer, has lived as secure from observation and detection as in the mountains of the west. His poverty has been patiently shared by his wife—said to be his third—and three children, the eldest an adult, the youngest a child of five. The old man was a startling picture of misery and want. A little weazenfaced, grizzly-bearded man of three score and ten, half blind, half starved and destitute of even comfortable clothing, he appeared scarce worth the trouble of arrest. The great whitewashed walls of the Ohio penitentiary enclose a heaven compared to the hovel that for a quarter of a century has been the home of the fugitive—Dick Cassiboon.

Brown was inviegled from the house on pretense of going to Massieville on business bearing on his pension papers. When told that he was under arrest he uncomplainingly accompanied the officers and after a good supper at Chillicothe he appeared almost glad that he had been found and asked to be speedily taken to Zanesville.

Hyde's brother, who still lives at Dresden, insists that punishment shall be inflicted, but there is a general feeling that Isaac Brown, by over three years' valiant service for the Union, has atoned for the sin of Dick Cassiboon. There seems to be no disposition on the part of the officials to put into execution the sentence of a court of thirty-three years ago, and it is more than possible that before the end of this week Governor Faraker will be asked to pardon the prisoner.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Absent-mindedness.

Absent-mindedness is a very common affliction. I know a very wise old clergyman who was absent-minded whenever he stowed away a large bunch of keys which he always carried. Directly he put them in his trousers' pocket he forgot where they were. He'd have some occasion for them and then there always came a search of more or less vigor. His children and wife would be called in to help hunt. At the beginning somebody would always say: "Are you sure, papa, that you haven't them in your trousers' pocket?" whereupon the old gentleman would become very indignant at the insinuation, and respond; "Of course not," but as sure as fate, after examining every nook and corner all over the house, the keys would turn up in that pocket as usual.

There are lots of people who wear spectacles and spend hours every day hunting for them, when they are securely resting on their noses. Doubtless you have a mother or grandmother who has this peculiar species of absent-mindedness.

At this very moment a gentleman looking over my shoulder tells me that a few days ago he came to town for the particular purpose of mailing a very important letter. He didn't wish to run the risk of having it lay for a day in the post-office in the suburban borough where he resides. He came to Pittsburgh—about 15 miles—went straight to the post office, bought six three-cents stamps, which he remembered he was in need of, and returned home with the important letter in his breast pocket.

A story used to be told many years ago of a merchant who was peculiarly subject to fits of absent-mindedness. Once he was writing a letter, and thought, absent-mindedly that he had forgotten his correspondent's first name. Turning to one of his clerks he said "What's John Jackson't first name?"

But a better story than the above is told of a gentleman of Pittsburg who was met by a friend one morning recently hurrying back from the depot towards his home.

"What's the matter?" the friend asked.

"Oh, I've left my watch under my pillow and I'm going to get it."

"You'll miss the train."

"Oh, no," was the absent-minded man's reply. "See I've got four minutes yet," and he pulled out his watch to enforce the statement. And he didn't realize for several seconds what it was that made his friend laugh so heartily.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Strange Antipathies.

Charles Kingsley, naturalist as he was to the core, had a great horror of spiders; and in "Glaucus" after saying that every one seems to hate his antipathic animal, continues: "I know one (himself) bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting and honest in feeling that all, without exception, is beautiful, who yet can not, after handling and petting and examining all day long every uncouth and vernomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house spider." The writer shares this dislike to a painful extent. In this case it is inherited from his grandfather. The genial author of the "Turkish Spy" says that he would by far prefer, sword in hand to face a lion in his desert lair than have a spider crawl over him in the dark. The cat has repeatedly been an object of aversion. The Duke of Schomberg, though a redoubable soldier, would not sit in the same room with a cat. A courtier of the Emperor Ferdinand carried his dislike so far as to bleed at the nose on hearing a cat mew. A well-known officer of her majesty's army, who has proved his strength and courage in more than one campaign, turns pale at the sight of a cat. On one occasion when asked out to dinner, his host who was rather skeptical as to the reality of this feeling, concealed a cat in an ottoman in the dining-room. Dinner was announced and commenced, but his guest was evidently ill at ease, and at length declared his inability to go on eating, as he was sure there was a cat in the room. An apparently thorough, but unavailing search was made; but his visitor was so completely upset that the host, with many apologies "let the cat out of the bag" and of the ottoman at the same time. Lord Lauderdale, on the other hand, declared that the mewing of a cat was to him sweeter than music, while he had the greatest dislike to the lute and bagpipe. In this latter aversion he was by no means singular. Dogs, too, have come in for their share of dislike. De Musset cordially detested them. When a candidate for the Academy he called upon a prominent member. At the gate of the chateau a dirty, ugly dog received him most affectionately and insisted on preceeding him into the drawing-room. De Musset cursing his friend's predeliction for the brute. The Academician entered, and they adjourned to the dining-room, the dog at their heels. Seizing his opportunity he placed his muddy paws upon the spotless cloth and carried off a *bonnebouche.* "The wretch wants shooting," was De Musset's muttered thought, but he politely said: "You are fond of dogs I see." "Fond of dogs!" restorted the Academican, "I hate them!" "But this animal here," queried De Musset. "I have only tolerated it because it was yours, sir." "Mine!" exclaimed the poet; "the thought that it was yours alone kept me from killing him!"—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Preaching to Children.

The Lyman Beecher course of lectures at Marquand Chapel, New Haven, was brought to a close Sunday afternoon with a discourse on the principles and methods of preaching to children. Mr. Trumbull said:

The thought or theme or topic of a sermon to children should be one adapted to their needs and capable of their comprehension. No greater mistake is made in supposing that the phraseology is all that needs attention. The comprehension of God is clearer to the young mind than to adults, and the preacher must rise to the use of his highest talents to think a thought that is worthy of imparting to children."

A Connecticut clergyman sought to impress on a little boy the omnipresence of God. "Where it God?" he asked.

"In heaven," answered the boy.

"Isn't he anywhere else?"

"I didn't know that he was."

"He is everywhere," said the minister. "He see through a stone wall, and go through it, too."

"Go through it?" answered the boy. "I don't see how he can go at all when he is everywhere to begin with." *Hartford Times.*

A Plumber's Modest Bill.

A few years ago John M. Dowling built for his own use a handsome three story and basement residence at No. 290 Huron street. Winning a $10,000 bet on the Presidential election he put it into a barn, for which he has little use, save as a monument to his good judgment. He then set about filling his house with everything that money could purchase in the way of furniture and the latest appliances for utilitarian and sanitary purposes, and had just settled down to enjoy life when one day the servant reported a rat in the basement. The plumber was sent for and given orders to stop that rat-hole without regard to expense. He did so and yesterday handed in his bill. It called for $1,333.35. He had found it necessary to completely overhaul and change the sewerage and drainage system of the premises to keep out that rat.—*Chicago Times.*

His Father a Shoemaker.

Grandma—Johnnie, why don't you give your little sister an apple?

Johnnie—'Cause it's the only one I have left and papa says if I want to succeed I must stick to my last"—*Texas Siftings.*

PEARLY FINGER TIPS.

Washington is a Great Place for Manicures and Fine Hands.

The members of the French legation have the best kept hands of any men in Washington.

This is on the authority of a local manicure, as she addressed herself artistically to the reportorial finger nails. There's hardly a man in the embassy whose fingertips are not as brilliant as mother of pearl. They go to the manicures as regularly as to barbars. Why shouldn't they? Man curing is a French art, and patriotism alone would lead them to favor it.

In this city men are better patrons of manicures than are women.

The artiste des mains drew aside a porcupinequill portiere and showed a hansomely furnished apartment in which several well-known men were awaiting their turn at the manicural cushion.

"This is our smoking room," she said. "Our art has found such favor among the masculine element that it was necessary to provide thus for our men patrons."

"How do you account for the predominance of men among your customers?"

"I think it's because women learn the arts themselves and practise it at home. Miss Cleveland took a clever way of availing herself of the art. She sent her maid to be treated. The maid was observing and imitative, and afterward dressed her lady's hand in the most approved fashion. But Miss Cleveland didn't profit much by her ruse, for the maid demanded the wages of skilled labor, and when this was refused her gave up her situation and opened manicural parlors.

"It is surprising how pretty fingers please even the great of the land. Not long ago a representative from one of the Gulf States happened in my parlors. Washington civilization had pinched his toes, and, in consequence, he had a corn to be treated. After I had placed him properly on his feet he paid me liberally, and said he 'guessed he would hurry over and see the President on business.' I glanced at his hands, each finger of which carried a much chewed nail. I suggested that he submit to manicuring, but he didn't appear to understand what I meant I finished off a finger for him. It took his fancy exactly, and now he exhibits 10 glittering gems at his finger ends whenever he removes his gloves."

The finger-decorative fad has probably reached a higher development in Washington than in any other American city. At a fashionable school in this city nail culture is almost a part of the curriculum, and the boarders are visited regularly by a manicure and instructed in the mysteries of ungual adornment. Mrs James Brown Potter was noted, while in Washington society, for the beauty of her finger tips, and did much to increase the popularity of this pecular art.

Mrs. Cleveland wields her own polisseur des ongles, but a public reception with its handgrasping always undoes much careful manicural work. During Arthur's administration a manicure made regular visits to the White House, and from that time nail garniture at the capital dates its largest popularity.

Luck.

"If the face in the moon
Wear a frown—alas,
Luck will be poor till the month shall pass!
If the face in the moon
Wear a smile—why, then,
Luck will be good, till it frowns again."

So runs a verse
That I used to say;
I have learned it, since,
In another way:

"If a face be marred
By a frown—alas,
Luck will be poor till the frown shall pass!
If a smile be bright
With a smile—why, then,
Luck will be good till it frowns again."

If the first be true
'Twould be hard to say;
But the last, if you,
You can prove each day.
—*Wide Awake.*

Eyes Frozen Shut.

A singular effect of the gale and snow, combined with the cold, was to freeze the eyes shut, then form an ice mask over the face. The wind would drive the fine hard snow into the eyes, causing them to water. The snow would mix with the water between the eye-lids, and the cold would at once bind the lids together by an ice band. The repeated removal of this would inflame the eyeball so that a film would form obscuring the sight. After this film formed, the presence of the ice was a relief to the inflamed eye. The eye would soon be frozen so close that nothing but steady artificial heat would relieve it.

It is also a strange fact that those rescued with eyes and entire lower part of the face covered with the ice mask did not suffer from frosted faces. Any desperate attempt to remove the mask resulted in removing the skin with it. The mask over the lower part of the face was formed by the breath from the mouth and nostrils combining with the snow. Many cattle that were lost met their death through suffocation more than through the immediate severity of the storm. The ice masks formed so thickly over their nostrils and on their mouths as to suffocate them.

Imagine, if you can, a frozen fog driven with the velocity of a hurricane. The air so full of minute frozen particles which strike your face like pin heads fired from a musket that you cannot see twenty feet ahead, and all this in an atmosphere from 20 to 50 degrees below zero, and you can then form as clear an idea of a blizzard as you'll ever care to get. Its blinding, bewildering effect is first felt. The intense cold brings at first the pain of freezing, then numbness, then stupor, then a sense of blissful sleep, and close upon its heels—death.—*Dakota Correspondence.*

These patent clamp skates for girls may be all very well, but the young men complain that it doesn't take any time at all to put them on.—*Journal of Education.*